VOL. 1. JANUARY, 1898. NO. 3.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

PRICE 10 CTS. 1.00 A YEAR

PUBLISHED BY S. E. CASSINO BOSTON

Entered at the post office at Boston, Mass., as second class matter.

E
1-I2
L2

CONTENTS OF LITTLE FOLKS, JANUARY, 1898.

		Page
Frontispiece. "See the dear little Chickadees!" Drawn by Hiram Putnam Barnes.		66
The Chickadees. Illustration: Frontispiece.	*Elizabeth Hill.*	67
Patience.	*Henrietta R. Eliot.*	68
The First Baby Show. Twenty-one babies, from photographs.		69
Becky and Becca. Illustration by H. P. Barnes.	*Abby Morton Diaz.*	73
"Her Majesty." Picture. Drawn by L. J. Bridgman.		76
The Play in the Night. The Booboo Stories. Two illustrations by F. T. Merrill.	*Gertrude Smith.*	77
Nina's Treasures. Illustrated by the Author.	*Annie Chase.*	79
New Year's Resolutions. Picture. Drawn by H. P. Barnes.		80
The Toothsome Snow-Man. Three illustrations by L. J. Bridgman.	*Elizabeth Hill.*	81
The Littlest One of the Browns. Chapter III. Two illustrations by W. A. McCullough.	*Sophie Swett.*	84
The Alphabet Beautiful. The Letter C. Three illustrations by Hiram Putnam Barnes.	*C. F. S. F. P.*	83
Bobby's Corduroy Trousers. Two illustrations by W. A. McCullough.	*Katharine B. Foot.*	90
Candies.	*Julia Boynton Green*	93
What Did the Black Cat Do? — Guess! III. Illustrations by the Author.	*Margaret Johnson*	94
The Fiddling Fiddle. Illustration by L. J. Bridgman.	*Lilla Thomas Elder.*	96
DEPARTMENTS.		
A Shelf of Fairy Books. Mothers' Department. Part I.	*C. M. Hewins.*	i
Childrens' Sayings. Mothers' Department. Part II.		ii
The Little Breakfast Class. III.	*Jackey Dimock (shef)*	iii
The Little Folks' Letter-Bag.		vi
Publisher's Department.		vi

LITTLE FOLKS

EDITED BY

CHARLES STUART PRATT AND ELLA FARMAN PRATT.

Published Monthly $1.00 a Year.

Single Number, 10 Cents.

Editorial matter should be sent to the editors at Warner, N. H. All other matter should be sent to the publisher. Remittances may be sent by postal money order, express money order or registered letter. Postage stamps must be sent by registered letter for safety. Personal checks on small places not received.

No premiums will be sent, or special offers honored, unless subscriptions are sent direct to publisher.

All changes in address should be sent promptly. Both the *old* and the *new* address should be sent in full.

To avoid all misunderstanding LITTLE FOLKS will be sent until ordered stopped, and all arrearages must be paid.

S. E. CASSINO, PUBLISHER, Pope Building, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

[The entire contents of this Magazine are covered by copyright, but the press is invited to copy freely, provided credit be given to LITTLE FOLKS.]

"SEE THE DEAR LITTLE CHICKADEES!"

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1898. No. 3

THE CHICKADEES.

O, TRIPPING, sliding, slipping
Across the crusted snow,
To the woodland white, little Heart's-Delight,
You and I will merrily go.
Hark, to that tink-tink-tinkle sweet!
'Tis the fairy chimes of the grass —
We touch its frozen spires with our feet
And ring their bells as we pass:
Tink-tink-tink!
Ting-a-ling-a-tink!
Tink-tink!

O, sitting, flying, flitting
Among the frosted trees,
At their cunning play, this sunshiny day,
See the dear little chickadees!
Now on the stiff oak twigs they perch,
On the evergreen tips they swing,
And now a-sway on the drooping birch
A welcome to us they sing:
Day-day-day!
De-de-de-de-day!
Day-day!

Copyright, 1898, by S. E. CASSINO. All rights reserved.

O, spotting, denting, dotting
The snow beneath the boughs,
See the prints of feet where the creatures fleet
Ran about to frolic and browse!
Here's where the scampering rabbit stopped,
Here the squirrel frisked and fled,
Here the dainty mice and chickadees hopped
And scattered seeds as they fed.
Day-day-day!
De-de-de-de-day!
Day-day!

O, perking, chatting, chirping,
The chickadees draw near,
And they seem to say in their cheery way,
"We are glad to welcome you here!
All the day long we sing and talk
In this white and wonderful wood,
And so whenever you care to walk
This way we'll bid you a good
Day-day-day!
De-de-de-de-day!
Day-day!"

Elizabeth Hill.

PATIENCE.

HOW smooth the sea-beach pebbles are!
But — do you know?
The ocean worked a hundred years
To make them so!

And I once saw a little girl
Sit down and cry,
Because she could not cure a fault
With one small "try!"

Henrietta R. Eliot.

ALICE, DAUGHTER OF WM. M. CHASE.
(Copyright, 1898, by Wm. M. Chase.)

GEORGE LOGAN TUCKER, GRANDSON OF GEN. LOGAN.

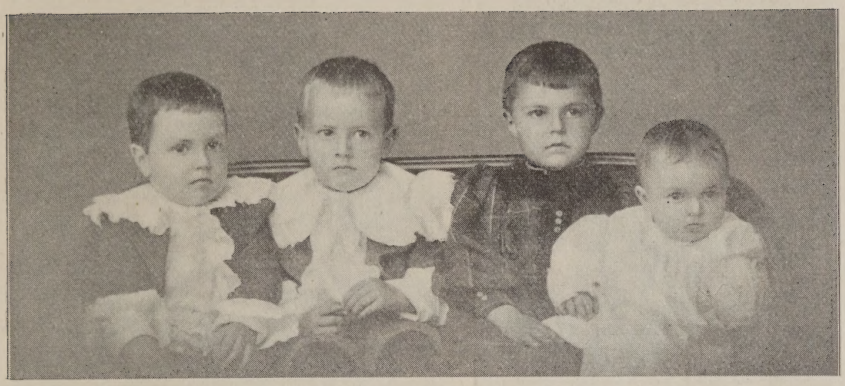
IN HIS "PLAY OVERALLS."

FANNY LUELLA FRACKER.

J——— T——— M———.
(THE FIRST BABY SHOW. I.)

ELIOT BROOKS FOOT.

(THE FIRST BABY SHOW. II.)



CLIVE, FRED, MILDRED, LOUISE, CHILDREN OF PROF. HENRY ROBERTS.

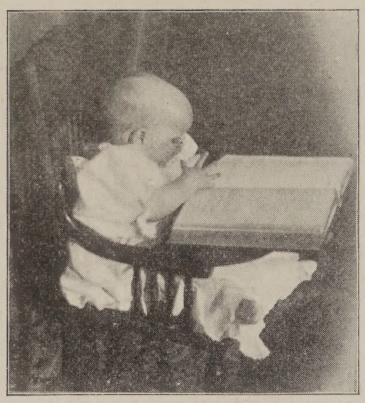
DOROTHY GRACE HAMILTON.

CHILTON RICHARDSON CABOT.

TWO FROM CONNECTICUT.

HAROLD DEWITT.

(THE FIRST BABY SHOW. III.)



AGNES READING THE DICTIONARY.

AGNES MAC ALPINE.

AGNES AS CAPTAIN OF THE BOAT.

AGNES IN THE ARMCHAIR.

AGNES OUT RIDING.

AGNES, "ROCK-A-BY BABY."

(*THE FIRST BABY SHOW. IV.*)

BECKY AND BECCA.

DOING up little Jonas' cut thumb has made me think of the famous Becky's Salve, and I guess I must tell about it, for I had something to do with its being famous, though I was only a little girl seven years old. It was one New Year's Night, and I was just seven, when that happened which made Becky give me the recipe. I've lost it now, but I've cured more cut fingers with it, and bruised knees, and stubbed toes, and bee stings and wasp stings, than anybody can count.

As I said, I was a small child, only seven years old. Becky was an old woman then, and lived not far from our house. She was a little old woman, and her granddaughter Becca was little, too, and pale and thin. Their house was unpainted, old, leaky, and had rags stuffed in the broken windows.

Becca went to school, but her gowns were faded and patched, and her shoes had holes in the toes, and somehow she had a queer look in her small face, and — well — it was too bad, but the other children made fun of poor Becca. She was left out of their plays; none of them walked along from school with her, or asked her to come and see them.

The boys called Becky "Crosspatch," because she "hollered" at them and sometimes came out at them with a stick. But I must tell you that there was reason. For the boys threw sand at her windows and called her names, and sometimes pounded the house with stones.

One New Year's Day there was a young girl named Ellen staying at our house. She had *such* a pleasant face, such a sweet way of saying things, and was *so* kind and helpful.

This Ellen said to us, me and my sister, New Year's Day morning, when the "wishing" was over, "Why don't you children have your New Year's Party at Becca's?"

Then she went on to speak of their loneliness, and their poor home, and of how *we* would dislike being left out of everything as Becca was, and how little good food old Becky could

buy with her salve and her herb medicines. And this good Ellen planned that the children's New Year's Party should be at Becky's, and that everyone should carry her something good, and stay a little while with Becca. Mother said it was a good plan, and Sue and I went round to tell the other girls.

All the mothers were pleased, and after tea, at about six o'clock, we began to gather, very softly, about the old house. There was snow on the ground, and it was moonlight. We

"RAP! RAP! RAP!"

were a big bit scared of Old Becky, and each one pushed someone else to knock at the door. Sue was the oldest of us; I was one of the youngest, just seven. We huddled together by the steps, Sue at the top with a stone to knock with.

Rap! Rap! Rap!

(*Voice inside.*) "Go 'way!"

Rap! Rap! Rap!

(*Voice inside.*) "Away with ye!"

Sue whispered to us, "Holler Happy New Year!" And we did.

(*Voice.*) "I want none of yer wishes."

"We want to come in. We've got something."

(*Voice, loudly.*) "Becca, where's my stick?"

Just at this moment I clambered up beside Sue and my foot and leg went down through a hole in the rotten doorstep, and oh, how I did cry. "*Oh, dear! Oh! Oh!*"

At this Becky opened the door, and then pulled me out of the hole, Becca holding the candle. Becky set me in a low chair by the fire, the others following behind.

"We have brought you these things," Sue said to her, "and have come to stay a little while and play with Becca."

Becky seemed as if she could not believe it. She just stood and looked, and when she saw us talking to her poor little Becca, and giving her some trifling thing — maybe a whole slate pencil, or a red apple — there were tears in her eyes, so Sue told mother.

After a minute Becky shook hands with every one of us, and spoke her thanks as well as anybody could. Then she took off my shoe and stocking and rubbed in some of her salve where the skin was scraped. It was good salve, for the place did not hurt a bit after we began to play plays.

Becky told us how to play "Tommy Titter's Land," and "Old Mother Hippertycrip." Tommy's Land was on one side of the big kitchen, but he was hid out of sight, so we could run across the chalk line and say all together, "I'm on Tommy Titter's Land, Tommy's gone from home, Tommy's gone to my house To steal a marrow bone." But we had to look sharp, or he would spring out from his hiding and catch us, and the one that was caught had to be *It.*

"Old Mother Hippertycrip" would come hobbling, with Becky's stick for a cane, and try to carry off one of the children from their mother. She was the mother and we were all her children. The one taken would have to go to a "den," hobbling, for Old Mother Hippertycrip would say to her, "Hop, now, as *I* do, as *I* do, as *I* do." We would try to get her from

the Den, but whoever got caught would have to go to that prison herself.

In the midst of the fun, Ellen came in, with some of the mothers. One of these had heard Becca sing a song called "Kathleen O'Moore," and she coaxed her to sing it for us. And now I want to tell you that Ellen and one of the mothers were so pleased with Becca's voice that night that when she grew older they paid for her to take singing-lessons, and she earned good pay by singing in a city church and took beautiful care of her grandmother.

And a good gentleman, known to Ellen, got that salve put on sale for Becky at all the drug stores round about, and it had a fine sale for years. There was never anything like it for children's hurts.

Becky gave me the recipe because hurting myself in that hole made her open the door, and made the salve known, and because it was the beginning of Becca's good fortune.

I have lost the recipe as I said, but I could make the salve, now, only I forget whether it was two spoonfuls of opadeldoc and one of honey, and three of balm and four of Burgundy oil; or three of honey, and two of Burgundy oil, and four of opadeldoc and one of balm; or three of opadeldoc, and two of balm, and four of honey, and one of Burgundy oil; or three of Burgundy oil, and two of honey, and four of balm, and one of opadeldoc.

Abby Morton Diaz.

HER MAJESTY.

THE PLAY IN THE NIGHT.

(*The Booboo Stories.*)

AND one night the moon was shining — the moon was shining round and bright! And Robbie crept out of bed with a funny, funny little thought in his head — what do you think the little thought was?

And the big Booboo sat up in his bed, on the other side of the room, and said, "Where are you going, my little son?"

And the little Booboo said, "I want to get up and play in the night! I always play in the day!"

THEY GO OUT TO PLAY IN THE NIGHT.

And his father laughed, "Ha! ha! I guess I'll get up and play myself. It's a beautiful night to play!"

And mama woke up and said, "Well, you two! you two! What *will* you think of next!"

And the big Booboo put on all of his clothes, and the little Booboo put on all of his clothes, and they went out in the garden to play! It was a beautiful night to play.

The moon was bright, and it was so light you could see all the trees in the garden — all the trees and the flowers in the garden! But oh it was still — so still — so still — not even a bird was chirping, and the crickets were all asleep.

And the little Booboo said, "Oh, oh, papa, look at the moon,

papa! Look, papa, the moon is down in the cedar trees!"

And the big Booboo said, "Yes, yes, it is going to bed. We must hurry and play, if we're going to play, while the moon is smiling on us."

"LOOK, MY SON!"

And Robbie said, "You can't catch me! you can't catch me!"

And away he ran, and away he ran, as fast as his little legs would take him.

And the big Booboo ran too, but he couldn't catch him. They ran, and they ran, and they ran, way down to the foot of the garden.

But all at once the little Booboo stood still and cried, "Oh, what is that noise, papa? What is that funny noise?"

"Whoo—whoo! whoo—whoo!" That is the noise they heard.

And his father whispered, "Listen and look, little son. Out on the limb of that tree—an old owl sits. He's speaking to you and me!"

And the little Booboo looked, and there on the limb of the tree sat the old owl—winking and blinking and thinking.

It was very exciting to Robbie.

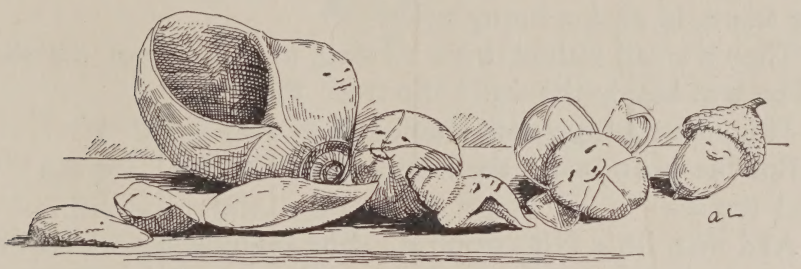
And all at once the owl spread his big wings, and flew up and away and away, and away.

And the big Booboo said, "Well, do you like to play in the night, my son?"

And the little Booboo said, "Yes, yes, don't you, don't you?"

And the moon went down, down down, and the garden was dark. So they went into the house and went to bed.

Gertrude Smith.



"HER WALNUTS AND ACORNS LOOKED VERY FUNNY SOMEHOW."

NINA'S TREASURES.

HOW the wind blew! how the snow whirled! Little Nina's treasures drew cosily together on the shelf above the red coal-fire — the acorns, the walnuts, the sea-shells. The red fire crackled, and the clock ticked.

Little Nina had long known that her nuts and shells were alive, for she had heard their voices; and one day she had marked ink-faces on them. Nina knew that the shells sang, and that the nuts snapped at one another. To-day, when they were alone, their voices were to be heard in the still room. The great sea-shell sang aloud, as often it sang in little Nina's ear:

"The sea! the sea! how beautiful is the sea!"

"Not half so beautiful as the groves!" said a walnut.

"Not half!" echoed an acorn.

"No, not half!" another walnut snapped, so fiercely that he cracked open his overcoat.

"The sea! the sea!" sang the shell, in the tone it sings when held to a child's ear. "There are treasures in the sea."

"Pooh!" snapped the same walnut, bursting quite out from its coat, this time, in its scorn; "there are prettier things in the grove!"

"The sea! the sea!" sang the shell, in the rich ocean tone that little children so love to listen to.

"The sea!" piped up a tiny shell, beside the walnuts.

At this an acorn laughed, trying to take off his cap and stand up. "The wood! the wood! the tree! the tree!" sang the acorn, in *such* a funny voice.

Then a small walnut tried to sing, in mimicry of the shell: "The tree beside the wall! the tree! the tree!"

This made all the nuts laugh still more.

But the great ocean shell sang on, "The sea! the sea! the sea! the sea!"

And then little Nina came in. She thought her walnuts and acorns looked very funny somehow, like dear little rogues who had been in mischief; but the great ocean shell she lifted to her cheek and held to her ear, for Nina loved the voice of the sea she had not seen, and she dreamed of it while the shell sang on and the winter winds blew.

Annie Chase.

"LET US, EACH AND ALL, MY HEARERS, MAKE GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR!"

The Toothsome Snow-Man.

THEY made him in Grandma's garden,
A snow-man ten feet tall;
Big and white, a wonderful sight,
Right out by the old brick wall.
They trimmed his coat with buttons
Of snowballs round and hard
Then in they went to their supper
And left him a-standing guard.
Hoo-ray!
A well-spent day
Who ever saw
Such a great snow-man!

But while they were eating supper
The frost-elves happened along;
They climbed and ran all over the man,
A lively tricksy throng;
And then, by way of a frolic,
And to give the boys a treat,
They put him under a magic spell
That made him good to eat.
Ho-ho!
You didn't know
What could be made
Of a plain snow-man!

THEY PUT HIM UNDER A MAGIC SPELL.

As soon as supper was over
The children hurried out,
Aud when their eyes met the elves' surprise
They raised a regular shout.
"His legs are yellow" cried Johnny,
"Why, his coat is pink!" said Ned.
"And his buttons taste like candy,"
Up shouted little Ted.
"Hel-lo!
If 'tisn't so!
Go for him, boys!
He's a candy-man!"

"No, no — ice-cream!" cried Harry,
"Get spoons! O here is fun!
Say, boys, let us call the town-folk all —
There's enough for everyone!"
They ran and started the church bells
A-ringing up loud and clear.

"There's an ice-cream man in Grandma's yard!
Good people, all give ear!"
"Cling-clang!"
The great bells rang,
"Bring out your spoons
For the ice-cream man!"

THE TOWN-FOLK ALL.

And a-running came the people,
People of every age,
From old Squire Jones with rheumatic bones,
To knee-high Tommy Page.
And some brought a spoon of silver,
And some brought spoons of wood;
They dipped right into the ice-cream man,
And my! but wasn't he good!
So-there!
Tell, if you dare,
A bigger yarn
Of a plain snow-man!

Elizabeth Hill.

BEE SEIZED THE BABY.

THE LITTLEST ONE OF THE BROWNS.

CHAPTER III.— The Ride with the Tin-Peddler.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD legs can run fast but eight-year-old strength gives out before long. It didn't seem likely that Bee would catch up with old Mrs. Pence who was carrying off the baby.

She still kept screaming, and once old Mrs. Pence turned around as if she heard and Bee could see the yellow of the baby's hair and the flutter of the lace frill of its cap.

Oh, what would the baby's mother say? Dick Presho, the tin-peddler, came along and stopped his rattling cart to look down at her in wonder. He asked her if she were going much farther and if she didn't want to ride "a piece" with him; and Bee gladly perched herself up on the back of the wagon with the blue tubs. She said she was going out to the back road. She wanted to get the baby without telling anybody what had happened. While she ran she had planned to offer old Mrs. Pence the two dollars and sixty-nine cents in

her bank, besides her bright new half dollar and her guinea hen. She thought Bob would give her his pair of bantam chickens, perhaps even one of his peacocks. Bob would mimic you and say that girls were silly but when you were really in trouble he would be pretty sure to help you out.

If old Mrs. Pence wouldn't give up the baby for anything that she could offer her, why, then — Bee shut her eyes and thought so hard that her head ached; why, then, she must go back and tell the baby's mother!

A great sob burst forth with this thought but the rattling tins smothered the sound. They were in a woods road, now, and suddenly Bee saw a sight that made her heart dance.

Old Mrs. Pence had crawled through a rail fence to pick some late blackberries that hung temptingly upon the bushes and had set down her great basket, with the baby upon the top of it, beside the road!

Bee slipped down from the wagon and seized the baby when old Mrs. Pence's back was turned.

It was an up-hill road and the tin-peddler was driving slowly.

In one of the great blue tubs Bee laid the baby and scrambled up beside it. She trembled and her heart beat like a trip-hammer but the baby was safe!

If Dick Presho would only drive a little faster, for now old Mrs. Pence was crawling back through the fence! After the wagon hurried old Mrs. Pence, shouting angrily.

"It ain't mine! And it's worth ten dollars!" was all that Bee could hear of what she said.

Dick Presho didn't see or hear her at all; his back was turned and the rattling tins were hung very near his ears.

The baby wasn't hers! *She* knew that well enough, thought Bee. But what could she mean by saying it was worth ten dollars? Cousin Albert's wife's baby worth only ten dollars!

Oh, if Dick Presho would only start up his horse!

When the hill-top was gained, he did. Old Mrs. Pence was left, making wild gestures, in the road, far behind!

But after her first feeling of relief Bee began to realize that she was being rapidly carried along to the back road and old Mrs. Pence's house.

She thought it would be a good plan to take the baby in her arms and slip off the wagon and hide in the woods before old Mrs. Pence came along.

But while she was thinking about it the tin-peddler suddenly stopped his horse and called to Bee, looking back at her over the tops of the bristling brooms and nodding feather dusters.

MRS. PENCE SHOUTED ANGRILY.

"Look here, little girl, I wouldn't go out to the back road all alone, if I was you," he said. "We're coming to the turn of the road, and you can, if you want to, but after I stop at Bailey's Mill I'm going back by way of the turnpike road and I can take you right home."

"Oh, if you will take me right back to Uncle Joshua's!" cried Bee joyfully, "and please drive fast!"

The tin-peddler looked in some surprise at the little girl, who, such a short time before had wanted to go to the back road; but he thought perhaps the loneliness of the way had scared her. And, for himself, he preferred to take her home rather than to leave her at the back road, where many rough people lived.

"Where did you want to go to, on the back road?" he asked her.

"To—to old Mrs. Pence's," faltered Bee. And to her great

relief he didn't ask her what she wanted to go to old Mrs. Pence's for — or, if he did, she could not hear him for the horse started again and the wagon began to rattle.

It was a wonder that the rattling noise didn't wake the baby. She was still wrapped from head to foot in old Mrs. Pence's shawl and, when Bee peeped over the side of the tub, she was lying as still as a mouse and seemed to be fast asleep.

She lay so still that Bee began to fear that something was the matter with her. She remembered that she had felt very queer and stiff in her arms, when she had carried her, although she had been too much excited at the time to think much about it. Old Mrs. Janeway had once told about her granddaughter's baby who had been given too much sleepy medicine by its nurse. It was a long time before it could be awakened and it was very ill afterwards.

Bee was afraid that old Mrs. Pence had given sleepy medicine to this baby. She leaned over the tub to lift the baby out, but just then the wagon stopped at Bailey's Mills and Mrs. Bailey came out to buy some things of the peddler.

Bee pulled down a bunch of waving feather dusters until they hung over the blue tub like a canopy and she hoped — oh, how she hoped! — that Mrs. Bailey would only want tinware and would not come near the back of the wagon. She snuggled close to the blue tub and was as quiet as the baby while Mrs. Bailey bought a nutmeg grater and an egg beater and a quart dipper.

Then Mrs. Bailey said that what she wanted most of anything was a large blue tub!

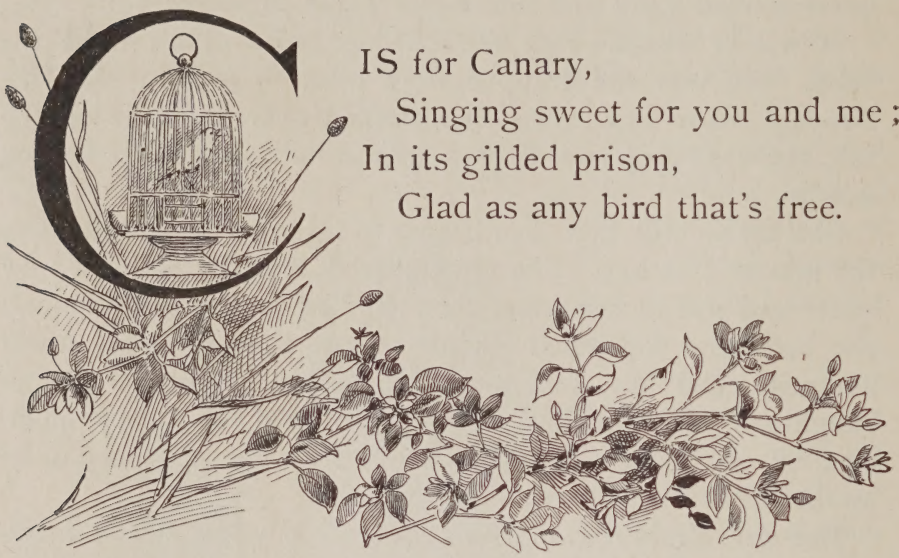
And Bee's heart was in her mouth.

When the tin-peddler and Mrs. Bailey came around to the back of the wagon she lifted the baby out of the tub but, in her hurry and confusion, she unfastened old Mrs. Pence's shawl and when that came off it pulled off the white cap and the veil. It was a great, doll baby that opened its blue eyes at Bee and said "Mama," in a squeaking little voice!

Sophie Swett.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ALPHABET BEAUTIFUL



C IS for Canary,
Singing sweet for you and me;
In its gilded prison,
Glad as any bird that's free.

(*Mama's Canary Talk.*)

THE children had let Goldie-bird out of his cage. He was perched on Tom's finger pecking the leaves from a spray of chickweed which Dot held for him. I had just been telling them that chickweed was one of the "sleepy" plants, and how the leaves of its new shoots "shut up" at night.

"Goldie-bird likes sugar best," said Dot. "Yes, all canaries like sugar. They used to be called 'sugar birds,'" said I.

"What does canary-seed grow on?" broke in Will. "On canary-grass," said I. "And canary-grass is a cousin to the striped ribbon-grass of our gardens — just as the canary birds themselves are cousins to our black-cap yellow-birds."

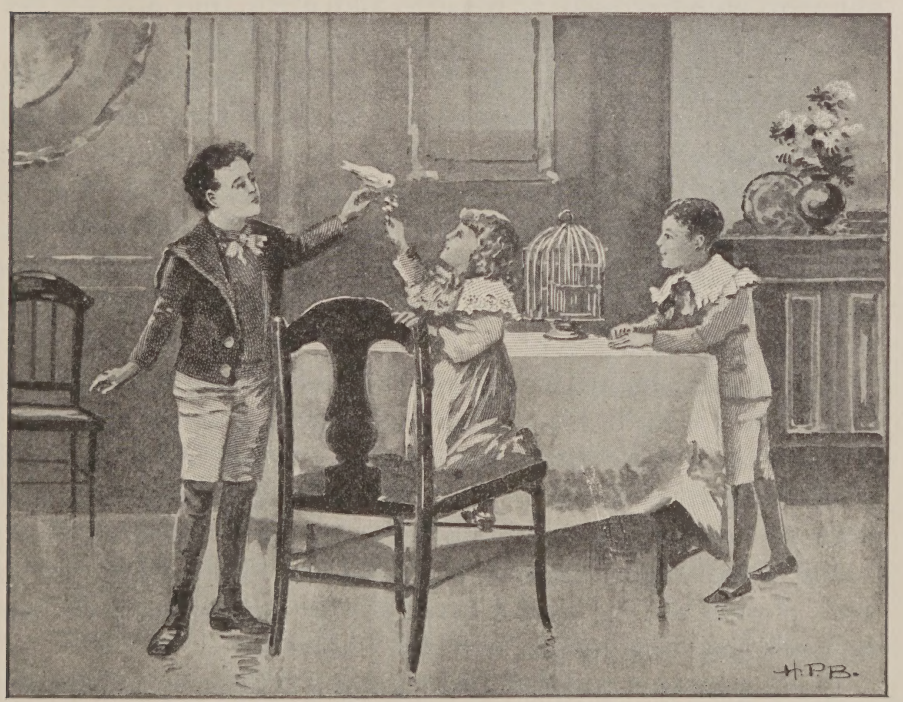
"O," cried Will, "and where do canaries come from?" "From the Madeira and Canary Isles," said I. "There they build about houses as robins do here. The mother bird lays four to six pale-blue eggs. The birds themselves, in their native islands, are greenish yellow. The clear yellow of our cage birds has come from cultivation.

"Canaries were brought to Europe about four hundred years ago," I went on, "and now they are pet-birds the world over. Great numbers are raised in Germany. Some of the breeding houses are like little hotels, each room a great cage, with seventy or eighty birds, and tiny trees set in the sanded floor, and drinking and bathing basins, and nest boxes — and singing-teachers!"

HEAD OF CANARY-GRASS.

"'Singing-teachers,'" repeated Will — "don't they sing of themselves?" "O, yes," said I; "but canaries are mimics, like parrots, and the bird-raisers keep larks and nightingales with them, and the canaries learn other bird-songs beside their own. They can also be taught to whistle our human songs, and even to speak words. They will learn pretty tricks, too."

"Like what?" asked Tom. "O, drawing their drinking water with little buckets, dragging tiny carts, firing pistols, playing dead, and coming to life again!"



GOLDIE-BIRD AND THE CHICKWEED.

BOBBY'S CORDUROY TROUSERS.

OLD Mr. Barker's carriage-shop was a very fascinating place. There was so much to do, and to play with and meddle with; and, above all, there was the long carriage-way where Mr. Barker pulled up the carriages into the shop on the second story. This carriage-way had a rough flight of steps in the middle, with a broad, fine, smooth place on each side where the wheels ran. Delightful slippery boards to slide down on! Only, "Old Barker," as the boys called him, never would let them slide down when he was in the shop, and when he was at home he usually sat at a window where he could see all that was going on.

So when Mr. Barker was suddenly called to the far west and shut up both his house and shop, the boys flocked to that slide in droves, and just slid and slid and slid. They slid on shingles, and they slid on boards, and often they slid on the seats of their trousers; and the last was what gave little Bobby Clinton his grand idea! For it wasn't at all good for the seat of one's trousers unless one wished to wear them out — and that was what Bobby did want at that time. Poor Bobby hated and despised his corduroy breeches. It seemed to him that he had worn them forever and that they would never wear out. Whenever he thought that they were really and finally worn out, his mother always put a patch on, and said, "There now! they are as good as ever!"

At last after he had caught on a barbed wire fence and kicked himself free from it, his mother had put in a whole new seat; "There," said she, "that is the last of that corduroy — splendid stuff to wear. I think they'll last him through the winter — I hope so, anyway." And Bobby felt downright discouraged.

But when Bobby saw the big tears the other boys got in their clothes sliding on the carriage-way, he slid every chance he could get; and he got an "idea" besides.

One night as soon as he had eaten his supper he said he was

going to bed, and his mother heard him with joy as well as astonishment; for when Bobby was safe in bed she knew where he was, and that was about the only time that she was ever sure of him. He went upstairs, and when his mother went up soon after to get the lamp, she thought him sound asleep.

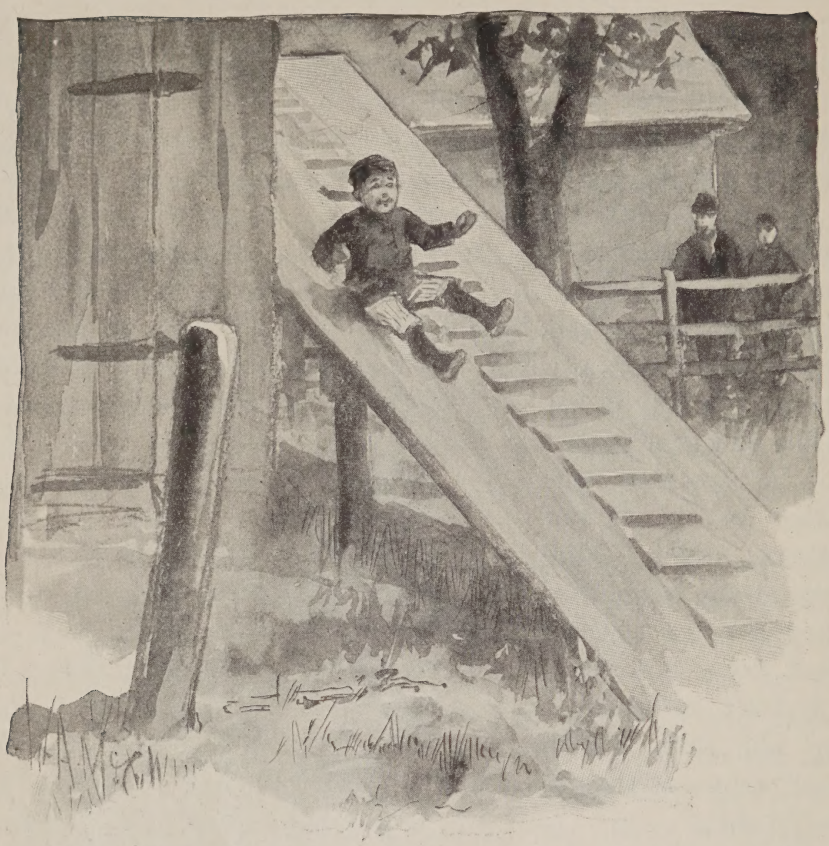
After that night Bobby seemed to like going to bed early, and at last it seemed to be a settled thing that he should go to bed as soon as he had eaten his supper. One night when Bobby started to go to bed, Mrs. Clinton said, "Bobby, throw your trousers downstairs when you take them off, for I must mend them. I really think that stuff must have been kept too long. That new seat seems to be wearing out twice as fast as the others did." And, indeed, she found that they needed a good deal done to them. "I don't understand it," she said. "The seat seems worn perfectly thin."

CAUGHT ON A BARBED WIRE FENCE.

The next night was a very cold one — it was late in the fall — and after Bobby went to bed his mother thought she would go up again — she had been up for the lamp — and put another blanket over him. So she went again, shading the lamp carefully with her hand as she went in, so that the light might not waken him; and then — she dropped her hand, and looked at the bed in amazement, for no Bobby was there!

"Father!" she called at the head of the stairs, and Mr. Clinton heard her fright in her voice. "Bobby isn't here."

Bobby's father ran up — and then there was a consultation!



THEY COULD SEE THE SLIDE PLAINLY.

"I remember now," said Bobby's father, "that I have heard the back-stairs creak at night several times lately. It has always been soon after Bobby went to bed, and before we did. That boy has been getting up and slipping out — now where is he?"

"I guess I know," said Bobby's brother of fifteen. "Just you come with me, father!" And Bobby's big brother led the way round the corner.

It was a bright moonlight night, and as they came to the point from which Mr. Barker's shop could be seen, Ned caught his father's arm. They could see the slide plainly, and there was one lonely little figure shooting down to the ground. He came down *hard* on the frozen ground, and as he picked himself up they heard him say aloud, "That was a good one —

they'll bust soon!" Then he began to climb the stairs again.

When he came down the second time his father grabbed him. "What are you doing, sir," he said.

"Nothin,' but just wearin' out my breeches," gasped frightened little Bobby.

They marched him home, but after a few moments Bobby wasn't so *much* scared. He felt his father's hand, on his shoulder, shake in a queer kind of way, and he thought to himself, "Father's laughing." And when his mother met them at the door and his father told her, she only said, as she kissed him, "Did you hate them so much, Bobby? Well, you needn't wear them any more."

"Not even once more?" said Bobby.

"Not even once," his mother answered, and Bobby went to bed happy, and he never crept out at night again.

"You see, mother, I couldn't get a chance in the daytime to wear 'em *hard*," he explained to her.

Katharine B. Foot.

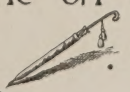
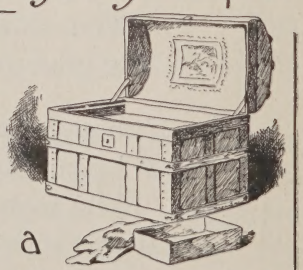
CANDIES.

MY auntie said one day to me,
"Here are some candies, darling, see!
Which will you have? — just one, for fear
They make you ill; now choose between;
The white are peppermint, my dear,
The pink are wintergreen."

I thought as hard as I could think
Whether I'd have the white or pink;
The more I thought the less I knew,
It was so hard to choose between!
At last I said, so "mixed" I grew,
"I'll take a — peppergreen!"

Julia Boynton Green.

What did the Black Cat do? Guess! III

Polly was going away. The post-man had brought her a one morning from her cousins in the city, asking her to make them a New-Year's visit. Polly forgot her and her and even her with the pearl in it, in the pleasure of this invitation. She wrote the answer with her new gold on her new and sealed it with her seal and a little wax . Then came the fun of getting ready. Polly ran up and down the twenty times a day putting her things together for packing. Everybody helped. Papa bought her a pretty little travelling with her name on it and a cunning silk  . Grandma gave her a  of her own, and Mama made her a new dress.

Now the Black Cat was very fond of

She gave him his every morning, and made all the for his bed. "I wish I could take him with me!" she said. "You might pack him in the !" cried Tom, laughing. "Or carry him in a or a O, how he would squirm!" "No, Pussy, you cannot go." said Polly. But the Black Cat winked at her with a knowing look. What did he mean? At last the showed that the day had come. Polly was all ready. The expressman drove up. "Bring the and lock your trunk." said Mama. Then just as Polly was going to shut down the lid, she saw a little black sticking up in a corner. And what had the Black Cat done? Guess!

Margaret Johnson.

The Fiddling Fiddle.

"HOW STILL THE CHILDREN SIT!"

A LITTLE Fiddle played a tune
One evening after dark,
And as he played he loudly cried,
"Hark, Everybody, hark!"

But Everybody being tired,
Had gone away to bed,
So there was no one there to hear
What the Fiddle played or said.

Yet through the long still evening hours
The Fiddle played and thought:
"How nice and still the children sit,
As Everybody ought!

"I'll play to them again some night,
They are so very good,
For they listen to my music
As well-bred children should."

Lilla Thomas Elder.

WHAT SHALL CHILDREN READ?

(Mothers' Department. Part I.)

A SHELF OF FAIRY BOOKS.

IF any mother should think that fairy-tales may stimulate her children's imagination too much, I beg her to read Mr. Goschen's article on the "Cultivation of the Imagination," in the one hundred and forty-first volume of *Littell's Living Age*, which shows that without this quality of the mind *no* study can be pursued more than a very short distance, *no* discovery in science or the useful arts made, *no* literature written.

But a fairy library should vary with the children who are to read it. Lang's Blue, Red, Green and Yellow Fairy Books (Longmans, $2.00 each), are good for children with a large vocabulary and ability to read easily, while little boys and girls to whom reading and writing do not "come by nature," will enjoy the seven little books of tales abridged and simplified from the *Blue Fairy Book*, known as *Longmans' Supplementary Readers* and published at twenty-five cents each. There are two even smaller and simpler, *Jack and the Beanstalk* and *Brother and Sister*, for very little children, at fifteen cents each. This year Dent publishes twelve twenty-five cent fairy-tale books, bound in red satteen with gilt letters and figures, and tied with red tape. These books are not much larger than the picture books of a century ago, and the wood-cuts in black and white, with as fine lines as possible, suggest the illustrations of an earlier day. The gift of one of these little volumes at a time to a child who is slow at books, will be an aid in teaching him to read.

Every child's library should have a copy of the *Arabian Nights*. I used to read with much enjoyment Lane's three-volume edition, illustrated by Harvey, that can be had now for about $4.50, but it has not Aladdin and Ali Baba. A fairly good edition can be had for $1.50.

Grimm's Household Stories, the best edition illustrated by Walter Crane (Macmillan, $2.00), but not including all the stories, and *Hans Andersen*, to be

Singing Verses for Children.

Cloth, Quarto, **$2.00 net.**

Pictures in dainty colors, simple, quaint verses, appropriate music. To quote *The Chap Book*, it is a

"Complete Artistic Achievement."

Verses by

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY.

"Specially fitted for their purpose, being bright, simple, wholesome and joyous." — *The Times-Herald, Chicago.*

Color-Designs by

ALICE KELLOGG TYLER.

"There has been nothing finer from the brush of any American artist than these beautiful drawings." —*The Evening Post.*

Music by Fred W. Root, Eleanor Smith, and others.

Published by

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,

66 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A Memorial Edition of the
Most Famous Story Ever Written

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

A Tale of Life Among the Lowly

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

"The Best-Known Woman in the World."

With over 100 Original Illustrations. Also a Sketch of the Life of the Noted Author.

This book is as popular now as a generation ago, and its story has gained rather than lost interest. It now has an historic importance and interest. Not to have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is no longer permissable. But the old editions are unattractive to the present-day book buyers.

Bound in Extra Cloth, Beautiful Gold and Chromatic Stamping.

Price only $1.50. Postage paid.

While the immediate cause which called forth this great work has passed away forever, its lessons are still needed and its charming story will never cease to interest millions of fresh readers. Our illustrations are admitted to be among the finest and most elaborate ever made for any story in the English language.

Octavo volume, containing 700 pages and over 100 new half-tone illustrations.

The success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is entirely without a parallel in the history of literature.— *North American Review.*

JOHN C. WINSTON & CO.,

Publishers,

718-724 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

found in many editions at various prices, should be in the children's fairy library. Kingsley's *Water Babies* has much that children do not understand, but more that they love. Ginn's edition for schools, at fifty cents, is abridged, but has all that little folks need about "Tom" and "Ellie," "Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid," the wicked old otter and "The Other End of Nowhere."

It is hard to know whether to class Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring* (Putnam, 50c), with fairy tales or absurd books, but it has the most delightful qualities of both. The only edition to be found at present is so small that the woodcuts are not as good as in the small quarto in which the book appeared first, but even in their present state they are inimitably droll. The fun and the satire are amusing to grown-up readers, but the story has all the dear old fairy-tale incidents and happy ending that children love.

There are three modern fairy-tales in which the wind plays a prominent part. One that has stood the test of a century is Paul de Musset's *Mr. Wind and Madam Rain* (or in another translation, *The Wind Spirit* and the *Rain Goddess*), a pretty, fanciful story from the French, (Harper, 50c, possibly out of print) with an amusing plot without a moral, and an equally amusing puppet-play that is possible for clever children to act. Another, Ruskin's *King of the Golden River* (Ginn, 50c), has a moral, but is always a favorite with children; and the third is George MacDonald's *At the Back of the North Wind* (Routledge, $1.25), a fairy tale that appeals to a child's best and finest instincts.

A child's knowledge of Greek and Norse myths cannot begin too early. Hawthorne's *Wonder-Book* and *Tanglewood Tales* (Houghton and Mifflin, various editions from 30c to $2.50 each), are the best possible introduction to Greek and Roman stories for children who read and understand long words, but those who need a simpler style will enjoy Francillon's *Gods and Heroes* (Ginn, 60c).

Keary's *Heroes of Asgard* (Macmillan, $1.00), is the best book for children on the Norse myths.

Caroline M. Hewins.

(*Part II.*)

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

*** A dear little girl, born and "brought up" among the Indians, on seeing, one day, a very aged and wrinkled chief passing the window, exclaimed, "Mama, that old Indian's face looks as though you could *wring* it."

*** This same little girl, who possesses a most intense and affectionate nature, said, "Mama, I can't explain it, but when I look at you and papa I feel such a load *here* (on her heart)—I guess it's a load of satisfaction."

*** She staunchly declared one day, apropos of the subject of her history lesson that this same adored papa was "just as great and good a man as George Washington. To be sure," she added, "he is not *quite* as *well known*, and so he is not so *popular*."

*** The skirt of her little dress becoming loosened one day, when she was out walking, and slipping down, she remarked, on referring to it afterward, "That was the time I nearly perished in my tracks."

E. A. R.

*** An entertainment was to be held at the Episcopal church. Little Richard heard the matter talked over, and finally, coming to the conclusion, probably, that some sort of a Fourth of July celebration was under way, anxiously inquired if he could go too, and take his pistol. In his little ears, "Episcopal" and "pistol" were one and the same. which shows just how inadequately word-sounds without object lessons appeal to the child-mind.

*** One day Lita fell down the steps. She had her doll in her arms, and like a true little mother held it up as she fell, out of harm's way. As she got up sobbing, she exclaimed, "Wh—wh—what's the matter, dolly? *You* needn't cry, it's *me* that's hurt!"

F. E. S.

THE LITTLE BREAKFAST CLASS

ANOTHER CORN-MEAL GEM.

THIS kind of gem is fine to look at, when you break it open. I make it of white corn-meal. I have my six stone jars of meals and flours on the broad floor-shelf of the pantry. My stone jar of white meal is a Rhode Island kind and like snow, and my sister Lina comes into the pantry sometimes and laughs at my row of jars and calls them Jackey-jars. I don't care. Boys *don't* care about such things as much as you think they do.

This time I have *two* eggs on the shelf by the pantry window, and a particular white bowl that is hollowing, for you can't beat eggs in a bowl that has a large flat bottom; and you have the egg-beater.

You get your half-pint tin measure once full of the white meal, and three quarters full of wheat flour. If you haven't any white cook's apron you have one of your mother s aprons tied round your neck. This time, you don't have but one teaspoonful of baking powder because you know you have *two* eggs on the shelf. You rub that and your quarter teaspoonful of salt and your great iron spoon of sugar through your meal and flour, a lot. Then you make a place in it, and pour in your milk, most of it, but you might as well pour in all the pint at once and done with it, and then you crack your eggs on the small end and let the white run into the white bowl, and let the yolk go into the milk, and I do the same with the other egg.

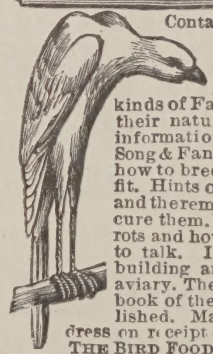
Then you stir, just to break the egg and milk together some, and then put in your spoonful of cool melted butter, and then you beat it up in a kind of a way some — not really *beat* it, but sort o' mash and spread it together with your spoon a good deal. I don't have any good luck with corporating of air into it that Lina talks chemically about to mother when they cook. *I* keep the air out of my gems if I can, *I* do. And I have an even grain to my gems, *I* do.

Well then, I beat my whites. I do it slow and even. When it is thick and stiff, I get it folded into my white meal gems. You don't beat it in any, but lay it in, just out of sight you know, but you haven't really beaten it any. Then you put it in your gem pan.

That's all there is to white meal gems, except your father looks at them, at the table, when he breaks them open, and they are very pretty.

Jackey Dimock (shef).

BOOK OF CAGE BIRDS



Containing over 150 illustrations, a lithographic plate showing all the different kinds of Fancy Canaries in their natural colors, full information in regard to Song & Fancy Canaries and how to breed them for profit. Hints on their diseases and the remedies needed to cure them. All about Parrots and how to teach them to talk. Instructions for building and stocking an aviary. The most complete book of the kind ever published. Mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. by THE BIRD FOOD CO., 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Stops the Whoop in a Few Doses.

DELAVAU'S REMEDY

Eases expectoration, checks and cuts short the dreaded Whooping Cough.

For Whooping Cough, Croup and the Ordinary Colds.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS; or N. E. cor. 6th and Wood Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ All letters for the "Letter Bag" should be directed to Editors of LITTLE FOLKS, Warner, N. H.

SPIRIT LAKE, IOWA.

Dear Little Folks:—I think you are splendid. I live at Lake George. I have always spent my summers here. This winter we are going to stay here for the first time. I will write you later about the ice boats. I expect they will be great fun for me to see and for my brother Charles and my sister Frances. *William B. Tippetts.*

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

Dear Little Folks:—I have had only one copy of the magazine as yet, but I have got three subscribers. I have a pair of twin sisters and I have a pair of twin brothers. The girls' names are Bernice and Bessie, and the boys names are Harold and Hallie. We call Bernice "Bonnie," and when she saw I had "Bernice" written she said that wasn't her name. *Ethel Smith.*

PORTLAND, MAINE.

Dear Little Folks:—I am seven years old. Portland is a lovely city. When I go to church I pass the Longfellow statue. He lived here when he was a boy. I have seen the house many times. His sister lives in it now. I like LITTLE FOLKS. Papa brought me home the first number last night. I commenced to read it at once. The story, "Oh Arabella, Araminta, What a Wonderful, Glad Surprise," I like very much. I am going to paint the picture of Arabella and Araminta for a Christmas present for one of my brothers. I have two brothers and one sister. The brothers are away from home, but will be at home Christmas. I am going to tell you about a park near Portland. It is called Riverton. You go there in the electric cars. It is by a lovely river, and in the park there is a merry-go-round and also lots of chair-swings. In one part of the park there are some cages of animals. In one cage are some deer, and my sister and I feed them with crackers.

Mildred Burrage.

HOOPING-COUGH
CROUP.
Roche's Herbal Embrocation.
The celebrated and effectual English Cure without internal medicine. Proprietors W. EDWARD & SON., Queen Victoria Street, London, England. Wholesale of
E. Fougera & Co., 30 North William St., N. Y.

THE SICK ROOM COMPANION.
May Save Life. Makes the Giving of any Medicine Easy and Safe. Child Understands It.
3¾ by 4¾-inch Indicator. Shows time in hours and minutes; kind and amount of medicine to give. Agents wanted. Special opportunity for ladies. Send 10c. in silver or 6 2c. stamps for sample. Address:
THE COMPANION DEPARTMENT,
NATIONAL EDUCATOR, ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

The "Little Folks" Postmaster wishes to inform all readers that our "Letter Bag" will hold a lot of letters and that they may be sent to Editors of LITTLE FOLKS, Warner, N. H.

Right Reading for Children is a matter of great and growing importance. Parents will find Miss Hewins' monthly article on "What Shall Children Read?" full of direct help.

In this Connection the publishers would say that any inquiries from parents concerning books will receive careful attention, and that any book mentioned in Miss Hewins' articles on the advertising pages will be mailed postpaid on receipt of price.

The First Baby Show takes place this month. For the next show parents everywhere are cordially asked to contribute photographs of babies and little children—cute, quaint, funny, beautiful or picturesque—for this show and those to follow, send to Editors of LITTLE FOLKS, Warner, N. H.

Sayings and Doings. Mothers and fathers everywhere, it is hoped, will send to the Editors of LITTLE FOLKS the interesting sayings of their children—odd, cute, funny, strange, witty or wise—also accounts of their interesting doings, doings out of the common. It is proposed to publish these in the Mother's Department, as a valuable contribution to child-study.

The Publisher of Little Folks intends to give the boys and girls a chance to earn bicycles by securing subscribers. It is not quite time to tell you about the offer yet, but it will soon be ready. All who want wheels for the spring, can begin at once to get subscribers. They should be sent to the office of LITTLE FOLKS as fast as you secure them, and they will be placed to your credit. Should you change your mind at any time and want money or anything else instead of the wheel, you can do so at any time.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

PRICE 10 CTS. 1.00 A YEAR

PUBLISHED BY S. E. CASSINO BOSTON

A NEW MAGAZINE!

For Youngest Readers and Little Listeners and Lookers-at-Pictures.

EDITED BY
CHARLES STUART PRATT AND
ELLA FARMAN PRATT.

The First Number . . . . . November, 1897.
The Price . . . . . ten cents a copy . . . . . one dollar a year.

A big beautiful magazine, for all little children, from baby up to ten-year-old.

Each Number Complete in Itself, except for one serial story.

Some Early Leading Features.

The Littlest One of the Browns. *The first serial story. By Sophie Swett. The amusing adventures of a little girl and a baby.*

What Did the Black Cat Do?—Guess! *By Margaret Johnson. A dozen funny picture-puzzle stories to sharpen little wits.*

The Booboo Stories. *Specially for papa to read aloud. By Gertrude Smith, author of the "Arabella and Araminta Stories." All about the big Booboo and the little Booboo.*

The Alphabet Beautiful. *With mama talks. By C.E.S.F.P.*

Baby Shows. *Not real babies, but photograph. Quarterly.*

And besides these there will be each month . . . . the best little short stories . . . the best little poems . . . and "pieces to speak" . . . . the best little nature talks . . . . and natural history tales . . . . and the very best pictures to be had . . . . . funny ones, beautiful ones.

Additional Departments for Children.

Play Time. *All kinds of puzzles, directions for puzzle-making, games to play, making playthings, new ways to play, playing with pets.*

The Little Breakfast-Class. *Real cooking that both little boys and girls can do. By a little boy teacher who taught himself.*

The Little Folks' Letter-Bag. *Children's letters from everywhere. All readers are invited to write.*

Additional Departments for Mothers.

What shall the Children Read? *Talks with mothers about the right books for children to have. By Miss C. M. Hewins, of the Hartford Public Library, the acknowledged authority on children's books. Also monthly mention of desirable new books for children and for parents.*

Good Health for Children. *By physicians, mothers, and teachers.*

Dress for Children. *With pictures. Under the special care of Miss Barry and Miss Clare Bunce.*

The Entertaining of Little People. *A consideration of new games, of new toys, of walks and excursions, of children's songs, of kindergarten play at home, of little lunches, lawn parties, dances, flower parades, etc.*

In the First Number.

Sophie May, the most distinguished of the older writers for very little children, contributes the story of "Brave Baby Betty"; while the author of the latest thing in children's literature, Gertrude Smith, contributes a new "Arabella and Araminta" story—which is also the last "Arabella and Araminta" story the author will write. The round of short stories will also include "A Funny Go" (to a Thanksgiving Dinner), by Abby Morton Diaz; "Shem the Stupid," a droll dog story, by Annie Isabel Willis; and a very big true hunting adventure of a ten-year-old boy, by W. Thomson. The serial features and departments will open. Gelett Burgess, inventor of the "Purple Cow," will reveal an unexpected side in a charming poem, "A Child-World."

Sample copy on application. **LIBERAL TERMS TO AGENTS.**

S. E. CASSINO, Publisher,

221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

PREMIUM LIST OF LITTLE FOLKS.

Full description and illustrations of these Premiums were given in the November number of LITTLE FOLKS.

The Premiums are given as payment for time and effort spent in securing new subscribers. Premiums will not be given for sending your own name or that of a member of your household, or when sending the magazine as a gift, or when paying for another's subscription. It is not required, however, that the premium-earner shall be a subscriber. Names and full subscription price must be addressed direct to the publisher, S. E. CASSINO, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

PREMIUMS.	SUB-SCRIBERS REQUIRED.	CASH ADDI-TIONAL.	POST-AGE.	PRICE.
LITTLE FOLKS' Magazine, one year's subscription.	2			$1.00
Painting Plays, a drawing and painting book combined, for all ages.	1	$ .10	$ .20	1.00
McClure's Magazine, one year's subscription.	2			1.00
Cosmopolitan Magazine, one year's subscription.	2			1.00
Munsey's Magazine, one year's subscription.	2	.10		1.00
BOOKS.				
Five Little Peppers and How They Grew.	2		.15	1.50
Five Little Peppers Midway.	2		.15	1.50
Five Little Peppers Grown Up.	2		.15	1.50
Phronsie Pepper.	2		.15	1.50
Louisa M. Alcott's Works: "Little Men," "Little Women," etc. Any one.	2	.20	.13	1.50
Prang's Non-poisonous Water-Colors and 10 Outline Pictures.	1	.10		.70
3-lens Magnifying Glass.	1	.15		.75
Tripod Microscope.	1			.60
Ladies' Pearl Penholder, solid Gold Pen, in Morocco case.	3	.10		2.00
Ladies' Long Guard Chain. 48 in. long. Heavy Gold Plate.	2			1.25
GAMES.				
Pillow-Dex.	1			.50
Zoo—Very little children can join. Cut-Up-History, sliced pictures. Sailor Boy, picture puzzle. Authors — Finely Illustrated. Letters and Anagrams. Old Maid, Cards in Colors.	any two for	1	.10	.25 each.
Mother Goose, Jr. Drawing Teacher. Cut-Up Animals. Hare and Hounds. Dominoes. Checkers.	Any three for	1	.15	.25 each.
Bo-Peep. Cinderella. Puss-in-Corner. Shopping. When My Ship Comes in.	Any three and Corner Grocery Game.	1		.25 each.
Weeden Upright Engine.	2	.10		1.25
9-inch Rubber Football.	2			.75
Ladies' Skates.	1	.40	.40	1.25
Ladies' Skates, Nickel-plated.	2	.25	.40	1.50
Boy's Skates, No. 5.	1	.10	.40	.85
Boy's Skates, No. 6., finer quality.	2		.40	1.25
Boy's Skates, Nickel-plated. (It may be cheaper to send the skates by express.)	3		.40	1.50
King Repeating Air Rifle.	2		.45	1.50
Or same for	1	.50	.45	1.50
Peerless Letter Scale.	1			.45
Telescopic Drinking Cup. Pen and Pencil Name Stamp.	Both for 1			.25 each.
Silver Thimble (give size.)	1			.40
Little Giant Typewriter.	2			1.15
Or same for	1	.40		

PREMIUMS.	SUB-SCRIBERS REQUIRED.	CASH ADDI-TIONAL.	POST-AGE.	PRICE.
Improved Simplex Typewriter	5			$3.00
Or same for	3	$1.00		
French Achromatic Telescope, Magnifies 20 diameters.	6	.25		4.50
Or same for	3	1.25		
"Crescent" Camera.	4			2.00
Or same for	2	.75		
"Cyclone" or "Ray," 4 x 5 Camera.	10	.50	$ .25	6.00
Pocket Kodak.	6			5.00
Book Slate (6 writing surfaces)	1			.40
Boy's Knife (2-bladed.)	1	.10		.60
Ladies' Pearlhandle Penknife (four-bladed.)	1			.50
Shears (8-inch.)	1			.65
Scissors (5-inch)	1			.30
Boy's Watch, No. 353, Nickel Case, open face.	4	.15	.15	2.75
Or same for	2	1.00	.15	
Girl's Watch, No. 804, Silverine Case, open face.	6		.15	4.50
Or same for	3	1.25	.15	
Ladies' Solid Gold Filled Watch, No. 824-2.	14			9.50
Or same for	9	2.00		
Solid Gold Fancy Stone Ring, No. 122 (Turquoise and Pearls).	1	.15		.85
Solid Gold Band Ring, No. 1869 (engraved).	1			.75
Solid Gold Band Ring, No. 3040 (plain), flat or rounded.	2			1.50
Solid Gold and Diamond Baby Ring.	1	.30		1.00
Child's Gold-plated Neck Chain	2			1.25
Child's Solid Gold Neck Chain	4	1.00		4.00
Baby Pin, No. 3060, gold plated; three pins with connecting chain. Gold-filled Baby Ring	Both for 1			.25 each.
Ladies' Vest Chain, fine gold plate.	2			1.50
Child's Silver Cup, No. 74.	2			1.25
Napkin Ring, No. 206, heavy silver plate, very handsome.	1	.15		.80
Nutpicks and Cracker, ½ dozen silver plated.	1	.15		.75
Berry Spoon, Soup Ladle, Pie Knife, triple-plated.	Any one for 2	.25		1.50 each.
Sugar Shell, silverplated Butter Knife.	Both for 1	.10		.35 each.
Child's Silver-plated Set, knife, fork, spoon.	1	.10		.75
½ dozen Fruit Knives, silver-plated	3			1.50
Or same for	2	.30		
¼ doz. Table Spoons or Forks.	2			1.00
½ " Dessert " "	3			1.50
½ " Tea Spoons.	2			1.00
½ " Coffee Spoons.	1	.15		.85
½ " Table or Dessert Knives	3			1.50
Carving Knife and Fork	3	.15		2.00
Curling Iron Lamp Folding pocket comb (both Silver-plated).	Both for 1			.30 each.
Toilet Set, No. 1148, brush, comb, mirror, finely silver-plated.	3	.20		2.00
Or same for	1	1.00		
Sterling Silver Brooch Pin, No. 1407	2			1.25
Sterling Silver Shirt Waist Set (inlaid with blue enamel.)	2	.25		1.50
Solid Gold Scarf Pin, No. 1076	3			2.00

They like Little Folks—Do you?

IN the December number you found a page of "What is said of us," and you were promised some opinions from the papers in the January LITTLE FOLKS. But the publisher is tempted to print more extracts from the hundreds of private letters which are received every week, as they come straight from the homes — they are written by the mothers and fathers and tell what they and the little folks think of the new magazine. Do you wonder that hundreds of boys and girls from four to twelve years of age are sending us two subscribers and so getting their own copy free? These unsolicited "good words" are convincing proof of the interestingness and value of LITTLE FOLKS.

It strikes me as an extremely attractive little magazine and think it ought to take. It certainly seems as if there were great need of just such a magazine. I shall certainly speak a good word for it.

A. A., Brookline, Mass.

It pleases me more than I can say, while my children are delighted with it. It seems a periodical long needed.

J. B. G., Redlands, Me.

We like the book very much. It gives the child great pleasure.

E. B.

The magazine is most charming. I tell my friends it is to take the same place among the youngers that St. Nicholas does for the elders.

A. H. R., Minneapolis.

I think LITTLE FOLKS has the brightest and cutest little stories for little folks of any magazine I have ever seen.

M. J. B., Manchester, N.H.

I have no fault to find with any part of it. The press work is of very fine quality, and it is so artistic I shall take pride in showing it.

R. T. W., Lewiston, Me.

The magazine is excellent.

J. E. G., New York.

I was much pleased with LITTLE FOLKS. My own little folks, aged four and two, know nearly all the stories by heart. They enjoy it very much.

A. L. D., Parkersburg, Ia.

The magazine is very nice and my little girls are delighted with it. They have read it through many times.

J. E. A., Brunswick, Me.

It is just the magazine for which I have been searching.

E. C. P., Amesbury, Mass.

The children are delighted with it, and I enjoy reading it myself.

S. E. M., Washington, D.C.

I have examined your magazine and I pronounce it a good one.

J. E. B., Des Moines, Ia.

I have examined it and like it very much indeed, and have recommended it to the mothers who attend the mothers' classes.

A. E. F., Brooklyn, N.Y.

My boy, ten years old, has never cared much for reading, but he read LITTLE FOLKS through at a sitting and enjoyed it greatly, so I think it will do him good.

S. E. R., Cleveland, O.

Oh, but I do like LITTLE FOLKS, and I sing its praises loud.

A. L., Chicago, Ill.

I have never seen anything that approaches it in quality and beauty. Every one who sees it wishes to subscribe for it.

M. J. B., Indianapolis, Ind.

I have enjoyed reading it very much and I send pay for five copies to be sent to my grandchildren.

A. M. M., Philadelphia.

It breathes of refinement and good taste and I predict a long and useful life for it.

M. S., Louisville, Ky.

The children, even those of thirteen and fourteen, are simply in love with it. I wish to get the book for my miscellaneous reading days. It is really just what I have been wishing for ever since I have been teaching. Every school ought to make its intimate acquaintance.

J. W. M., Halifax, N.S.

Our magazine list was entirely made up when your sample copy arrived, but really we could not do without LITTLE FOLKS, for we know of nothing like it. It is an ideal children's magazine.

M. A. B., Detroit, Mich.

The magazine is very nice and my little girls are delighted with it; they have read it through many times.

J. E. A., Brunswick, Ga.

LITTLE FOLKS seems to be just the thing wanted for the children, it sells well on our news-counter and I expect will sell better when it becomes known.

A. S. B., Bookseller, Plymouth, Mass.

I consider your magazine at the head of all similar publications. Have advised the Board of Education to include it in the list soon to be sent for the school reading table.

J. H. E., Principal of Schools, Wrenshall, Minn.

My little boy is only four and a half years old, yet he dearly loves his new magazine and knows most of the stories by heart, and often asks "when will my new magazine come."

S. W. R., San Francisco, Cal.

S. E. CASSINO, PUBLISHER, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston.

The Bemis Eye Sanitarium

OFFICE NO. 1 AND MARION HOUSE.

The home of the

Original Absorption Treatment.

Established 1889. The largest and most successful institution in America.

THE BEMIS PLACE.

Blindness Can Be Prevented.

The Absorption Treatment a Success.

It is Endorsed by Representative People.

Rev. B. N. Palmer, D. D., of New Orleans, says:—

For example, if there is atrophy of the nerve, or any other of the several afflictions to which the eye is troubled, it is due to the fact that the eye has become sluggish and dormant. The theory is to wake up that sluggish eye and make every part perform the functions which nature assigns to that part. "The treatment is to act directly upon the eye as an organ by various harmless agents applied to stimulate and to vitalize the eye; then the circulation may be restored, the blood will be thrown back on all the parts where it is needed to nourish, so there need be no disease of the eyes which cannot be reached by this treatment, thus avoiding the knife and all risk.

"I consulted Dr. Knapp, of New York, and Dr. Pope, of New Orleans, who diagnosed my case as Atrophy. After one year's treatment they pronounced my case hopeless. In July, 1896, I consulted E. H. Bemis, Eye Specialist, one eye being nearly sightless and the other only available with the aid of a strong magnifying glass. I had nothing to lose and a great deal to gain. After treatment the strong magnifying glass was discarded and glasses used years ago enabled me to read."

An average of over 6,000 treatments given monthly at the *Bemis Sanitarium*, and hundreds successfully treated at their homes by mail. **Pamphlet free,** describing treatment.

THE BEMIS EYE SANITARIUM, Glens Falls, N. Y.

We Have No Branch Offices.

THE OLD RELIABLE **PARKER GUN** HAS NO EQUAL

HAS STOOD THE TEST OF OVER 30 YEARS.

"Built on Honor."

Simplicity and Durability combined with Handsome Finish and perfect shooting qualities.

New York Salesrooms, 96 . . . Chambers Street.

Experience and ability have placed the Parker in an enviable and well deserved position as *The best Gun in the World.* Made by the oldest Shotgun Manufacturers in America. Nearly 100,000 in use. Send for catalogue.

PARKER BROS.
Meriden, Conn.

FINE HALF-TONE CUTS FOR MAGAZINE-CATALOGUE AND CIRCULAR WORK

SUFFOLK ENG. CO

275 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON MASS.

The illustrations in LITTLE FOLKS are engraved by the **The Suffolk Eng. Co.**

A Book on Cage Birds.

Containing over 150 engravings and a lithographic plate showing all the different kinds of Fancy Canaries in their natural colors, full information in regard to Song, Fancy Canaries and how to breed them for profit. Hints on the treatment and breeding of all kinds of Cage Birds, with descriptions of their diseases and the remedies needed to cure them. All about parrots and how to teach them to talk. Instructions for building and stocking an aviary. The most complete book of the kind ever published, irrespective of price. Mailed to any address on receipt of 15c by the Associated Fanciers, 400 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia.

Many Girls and Boys

ARE RECEIVING

Little Folks Free

AND EARNING MONEY EASILY

BY SECURING SUBSCRIBERS.

You are invited to do the same. Every one can secure a few, at least, among their own and their parents' friends.

Why not send to the publisher to-day for a sample copy and a pamphlet of instructions, blanks and envelopes, and then begin at once. You do not need to wait for these, for you can use this copy and you will have several subscribers by the time the new sample and blanks come.

You can have LITTLE FOLKS free for a year if you send two names at $1.00 each.

What a nice present it would make for some cousin or little friend. It makes Christmas come every month. And if you want a good watch, or books, or steam engine, a game, or something for mama or papa you can get it by sending some subscriptions to the publisher. Or, if you prefer the money to spend, you can write to the publisher and he will tell you how much money he will pay for every subscriber.

The list of premiums (8 pages) will be sent if you ask for it. Better send at once as they will not last always. You can truthfully tell your little friends LITTLE FOLKS *is the best magazine ever printed for the little people (the older people seem to like it pretty well too), and that the publisher will make it better and better; and the more subscribers you get the better he will make it. He will never use stories that have been used before or pictures that have been used by other people.*

Ask your mother to read the page (inside) which tells what other mothers think of LITTLE FOLKS.

You will find some attractive premiums mentioned on the seventh advertising page.

Address SAMUEL E. CASSINO, Publisher,

221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

PINKHAM PRESS, TREMONT TEMPLE.